

Still Growing

I live in an apartment overrun by houseplants.
Swallowing every inch of sunshine that once
splashed across blank tile floors
Drinking any rain that sneaks in through open windows
Once cute saplings and sprouts,
the plants billowed outward.
Now cacophonous greens jockey
for space
Fronds and vines and
needles and fruit and
fallen, decaying flowers and
Not much
room
for me
But everyday I wake in the plants' apartment and
sing as I water their soil.
Breathing in the rich, earthy scent,
I elbow my way out of the choked apartment
onto the balcony.
Dizzying blue with
white puffs against a
skyline where I wonder
if other people get to rule their own apartments.
In my peripheral wave
green hands with fingers splayed
taking puzzle-piece chunks from my sky.
I wave too, eyes not breaking

from my fragmented view.

Content half-alone,

buried in green.